

Winners in the Historic Recipe Contest

By Frances Carroll

THE task of reading the contributions forwarded in the historic recipe contest and awarding the prizes, was quite enough to absorb the energies of several persons, though so many interesting facts were discovered and so many clever little tales were told that the labor was well repaid.

Not only the local householders were well represented, but women of moment outside the immediate citizenship took part in the first of what I hope may prove a prolonged series of contests.

Indeed, so widespread has been the interest excited that I am sure you will all be waiting anxiously to hear who won the trophies, so I will at once proceed to announce the following quartet of winners:

First—(Mrs.) Sarah M. Stevens, 1335 Jefferson place northwest.
Second—(Mrs.) Hallie Erminie Rives-Wheeler, Ocean Grove, N. J.
Third—Mrs. Annie E. McCordle, 1909 Fifteenth street northwest.
Fourth—Miss M. V. Benner.

Gift of Story-telling

Shown By First Prize Winner.

As you know, the quality of the accompanying story from the standpoint of its literary value and the practical worth of the recipe itself are two of the prime items of moment in the awarding of the prizes. In Saturday's edition of The Times, I printed Mrs. Stevens' story, which displayed more than a little of the true narrative gift. Indeed Mrs. Stevens has a right to pride herself on the ability to tell a story which grows into a satisfactory denouement, and I am quite sure that none will gainsay her right to the first prize.

The second prize winner is none other than Mrs. Post Wheeler, wife of the charge d'affaires of the American embassy at St. Petersburg, but possibly better known as Hallie Erminie Rives, author of more than one good book.

Mrs. Wheeler has lately come forward with "The Kingdom of Slender Swords," a work made possible by her long residence at Tokyo, where previous to her present detail, Mr. Wheeler was attached to the American legation. Mrs. Wheeler's contribution is freely anecdotal and I am sure you will all read it with a great deal of pleasure and interest.

Mrs. McCordle came to her distinction by forwarding a very terse little letter which recorded her experience with two recipes furnished by former "White House ladies," and Miss Benner won her prize by a very well-drawn biographic sketch of one of the most picturesque and appealing characters in American history.

Second Prize Winner

Tells Story of Dinner in Japan.

As I said before, Mrs. Stevens' story was printed in Saturday evening's edition of The Times. Here is Mrs. Hallie Erminie Rives-Wheeler's contribution:

"I was living in Japan when the Jamestown Exposition was held. The day it opened I gave a Virginia dinner of thirty covers. My Japanese cook, Cato, was considered one of the best in Tokyo, but he looked at my translated recipes with a waverling courage. His reputation was in the balance. Then he heard that the guests included four ambassadors, two ministers, besides the minister of foreign affairs, a member of the privy council, Admiral Togo, several prince-princesses, and countesses, he would have had a 'convulsion' if it had been in his Japanese repertoire.

How was he ever to cope with such unheard-of things as a sucking pig with a red apple in its mouth, terrapin soup, a Virginia ham baked twelve hours, corn bread, beaten biscuits, fried chicken, with cream gravy, mince pie, Mr. Vernon ice-cream, and Martha Washington cake?

"If he failed in a single one he could never look a cook alive in the face again."

Cook at Times, Soldier at Others.

"Cato had been in the war, indeed was at Port Arthur when it fell. I often noticed when he had anything of impressive importance on hand, he discarded his blue kimono and put on his soldier clothes—a very open neck shirt and duck trousers.

"He wore those when I peeped into the kitchen about 5 o'clock though the mistress of a Japanese household is persona non grata in her own kitchen. The ham was ready, and Cato was holding the pig in his arms, sadly saying, 'All's the same baby.' It was the

youngest pig that he had ever seen die by an assassin's hand.

"I heard the sound of the ice-cream freezer and the nicely browned layers of the Martha Washington cake were cooling on the cedar window sill.

"I had quite forgotten that I had agreed to show the cook how to make the filling for the cakes. With a final look at the dining-room and the table decorations—a mirror lake with 1,000 oranges and one lemon. I concluded that the dining-room would be a success. So I started out to drive an American guest to the Shiba temple.

"Presently the cook came running down the driveway calling me wildly: 'Okusan! Okusan! Come you, show me how to make Martha Washington's inside.'"

How to Make Martha Washington Cake.

Stir two cups of sugar and one of butter to a cream, then add five eggs beaten to a froth, one cup of milk, two teaspoons of cream tartar, one of soda, and four cups of flour. Bake in jelly cake tins, in a moderately hot oven.

Make this filling: Whites of three eggs, beaten stiff; one pound and a quarter of powdered sugar, grated rind, soft pulp and juice of two large oranges, and one lemon. Use it between layers and on top of cake.

HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES WHEELER.

Sausage Rolls

And Escalloped Oysters.

Mrs. McCordle tells us of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison's sausage rolls and Mrs. Mary Harrison McKee's escalloped oysters with macaroni.

These recipes in their original form came written on White House stationery and in the hand writing of the two women who at one time dispensed the hospitalities of the Presidential mansion.

"The receipts," says Mrs. McCordle, "are both excellent, and Mrs. Harrison's recipe appeals to all who have healthy appetites, especially to children who take their lunch to school."

"What I like about it is that a woman of such high social position should have refined tastes, culture, and superior opportunities should preserve the simple."

All Things End in Sleeping

Sing a song of swallows winging all among the emeralds ringing chimneys of joyful closes;
Sing a song of thrushes ringing chimneys of joyful closes;
Sing a song of almond blossoms elixir winds are shaking;
Sing of little hands and bosoms, little hearts set quaking;
Life, they tell us, unrelenting, is a round of labor;
Dance today, and, unrepenting, sound the pipe and tabor!

Sing a song of upturned faces pale with passion's gleaming;
Sing of whispers and embraces, sing of hope's and dreaming;
Sing a song of love and laughter, here, below the willows;
Sing of starlight, darkness after, sing of lovers' pillows;
Love, they tell us, ends in sorrow, disillusion, weeping;
Love today, be wise tomorrow; all things end in sleeping!

STORKS HONORED IN GERMAN TOWN

At Haslach, Germany, February 21 has been observed as a holiday for hundreds of years.

Once Haslach was overrun with snakes, and no one knew how to drive them out. One day a great flock of storks appeared, and they were the saviors of the place.

In recognition of this deliverance, which occurred on February 21, the day has been kept sacred and is known as "Stork Day."

An uncolored official, known as the "stork father," parades the streets, followed by as many children as care to join the procession. He wears a high hat, decorated with two stuffed storks. Storks are made by the procession at houses along the line, and the children receive gifts of sweets and small coins, every household feeling pleased to show his gratitude to the stork.

ple recollections of that sweet childhood with its natural cravings and healthy enjoyments and in the midst of splendor and luxury recall with a relish the 'roll and sausage' she used to take to school in bad weather when a little girl.

Mrs. Harrison is remembered in Washington for the womanly character which endeared her to all with whom she came in contact, and for the patient endurance with which she bore her last long illness ending in her distressing death at the White House a short time before the end of her husband's administration—in 1893.

To Make Sausage Roll

Mrs. Benjamin Harrison's Way.

"Make a flat biscuit dough (made with soda) and let it rise over night. In the morning roll it out thin and cut into shape with a biscuit-cutter. In the center of each place a roll of sausage the size of a good sized hickory nut, and roll it in the dough. After rolling them stand in the pan for a few minutes bake and serve hot."

"These rolls are also good cold, and when children we used to have them to take to school for our luncheon in bad weather."

"CAROLINE S. HARRISON."

Mrs. McKee's Recipe

For Escalloped Oysters.

"Boil the macaroni soft, put a layer into a baking dish, cover with oysters, pepper salt, and butter; then another layer of macaroni, then a layer of oysters until the dish is full. Bake. MARY HARRISON MCKEE."

Name of Perry

Revered by Americans.

"The winner of the fourth prize sent the following:

"All patriotic Americans revere the name of Perry, the hero of the great battle of Lake Erie in 1813. He was born August 23, 1798, at South Kingdon, N. J. He was a shipman at the age of thirteen years and a lieutenant at the age of twenty-one. He was the first American commodore to capture a British fleet, and he was the first to lead a warfare there is no parallel for the maneuvers by which he won the battle of Lake Erie. He was but twenty-eight years of age at the time he gained his dying fame, and though he died at the age of thirty-four years from yellow fever, he ranks near the head of the list of American commanders."

"His span of life was short, but his remarkable achievement has made his fighting qualities well known."

"Other attributes have not been so widely chronicled, but at this late day it remains for our enterprising newspaper, The Washington Times, to give to the public an opportunity to share in some of the delights of the young hero by furnishing to its readers some information not generally known."

Choice of Delicacies

For the Banquet Table.

"It is related that after the excitement of the great naval battle was over and plans were being formulated for the entertainment of the young conqueror, he was called upon for suggestions in the matter of the selection of the delicacies to be served at the banquet board."

"He did not name the luscious halibut of the nearby ocean. Nor did he call for the juicy roast beef of old England. He did not mention the Welsh rarebit, nor the Scotch haggis. He simply asked for boiled ham, to be prepared from a formula in use in his boyhood home—a delicacy which he had retained in his memory, and which, even after passing through the excitement of battle and victory, was still his favorite food."

Kind of Boiled Ham

Commodore Perry Liked.

"Soak the ham in fresh water for twelve hours, changing the water twice; simmer it about one hour for each pound weight; never allow the water to boil. Put into the water while it is simmering, one pint of champagne or other dry wine, half a pint of vinegar and a wisp of hay as large as your wrist. Allow the ham to stand twelve hours in the water in which it was boiled, with the jacket on. Take the jacket off, trim the ham smooth, rub thoroughly with brown sugar, stick with cloves, take slowly until browned on all sides, basting with wine or champagne. Put immediately on ice and cool as rapidly as possible."

"This collection is about all I have opportunity to offer today, but from time to time throughout the year I will publish other contributions which, while they did not come in for a prize, are still of interest to our readers."

Just as we go along, will Miss Benner send in her address? If I ever had it, I have been so unfortunate as to mislay it. Meantime, since you all have such a fine opportunity to win coin and glory, I hope everybody will prepare to send in their contributions. Best recipes the whole world add to your scrap books the good things which are bound to be brought out by this contest."

HISTORIC RECIPE CONTEST PRIZE WINNER



Hallie Erminie Rives-Wheeler.

FLOWER CONTEST WINNERS

By Frances Carroll

In the puzzle contest last week the ladies favored:

First, Miss M. M. Berry, The Farragut, Farragut square northwest.
Second, Miss L. K. Voorhes, 204 R street northwest.

Third, Miss Kathryn D. Harrison, 15 Quincy place northeast.
Miss Berry contributed a poem which combined timeliness, correctness, and originality in presentation.

In the heart of a water lily true to life in coloring and form, repeated on a lily-pad, were duly registered the flowers chosen by Mrs. Voorhes.

Mrs. Harrison's and Miss Harrison forwarded carefully written solutions, which were correct in contents and timely in arrival.

Mrs. Grimes, as you will notice, has

Daily Horoscope

"The stars incline, but do not compel."

Monday, June 20, 1910.

Of others speak no ill. Induce no ill will.

MERCURY, Venus, and Jupiter occupy striking positions this 17th day. Venus warns women to be careful against indulgence in gossip, flirtation, and conspiracy. The aspect is unfavorable, also, for harshness toward children or dependents.

Women inclined to frivolity and extravagance are under an evil sign this day if they indulge their weaknesses. Women employees are in danger of making errors if they fail to concentrate this day. They are in danger, also, of becoming involved in office or shop quarrels, by thoughtless interference in the affairs of others.

It is in the sign that all women must be extremely circumspect during this period, and especially so in the afternoon and evening.

An unusually fortunate aspect governs advising and other methods for seeking publicity of merchandise during the ensuing forty-eight hours.

There should be luck in open-air amusements. The indications are best under ancient rules to be exceptionally good for fishing.

Down with this 17th date are under aspects that suggest their best course during the five-month to be in the direction of kindness and toleration. The stars that rule them incline to harden the character and make the native too critical and harsh.

Children are born this day under stars that give wit and cleverness, but incline their subjects to satire and sterner judgment.

"And now," finished the parson, solemnly, "I pronounce thee Tooth and Nail!" and everybody rushed up to tickle the bride, who stood smiling beneath a huge wedding-bell to receive their good wishes.

And the wedding feast—was there ever a supper like that before? Davy and Dorfy thought not, and rejoiced that they were mice so they could enjoy it to the full. Every course was some special meadow delicacy, regardless of expense.

At last came a fat mouse-waiter, proudly bearing a huge wedding cake. The guests burst out cheering at the sight, for it was made in the shape of a big round mousetrap, with a chocolate mouse caught fast in each of the trap's round doors. Each guest pulled out one, finding it filled with delicious cheese-cakes—all but Willy.

"Why didn't you tell them yours was empty?" explained the Ticklemouse to the twins.

"Because I saw Sally seal 'em just before the wedding march," said Willy, "and I didn't want to give the bride away!"

"Thank you, Ticklemouse. What sweet little children! Twins? Ah, yes, I see they are. Our flower girl has disappointed—can't you lend us these children to scatter catnip garlands before the bride?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Tooth!" The Mouse

Bad Husbands, Sad Wives

No. 3—Trials of the Ideal Marriage.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Copyright, 1910.

THE third bad husband fell violently in love with a very handsome girl, and he was like a man in a fever until he gained her consent to be his wife.

He had been an only son of his mother, and the girl was an only daughter of typical, doting American parents.

She was a belle in a small way; admired in her circle for her beauty and her dancing and her music, and generally considered an amiable and virtuous young woman, who would be a prize worth the winning of any man.

The young man was equally popular, and his success in the business world, together with his education and social standing, made him seem a very suitable husband for the pretty belle. The husband was popular in his club, and he was proud of his athletic prowess and his good fellowship with manly men.

When his fiancée asked him to bring her a chair or a fan or to get her shawl and kept him busy waiting on her he laughed with delight at the novel tasks assigned him, and felt that he was a royal courtier in the Kingdom of Beauty.

The engagement was a brief one; and the wedding was a brilliant affair.

Everybody declared that it was an ideal union, and all the outlook was toward perfect happiness.

They did not possess wealth; only a simple competence, which enabled them to begin housekeeping with one maid. The maid did not stay long, and the first cloud on the happiness of the home was in the difficulty the young wife found in keeping any maid more than a few months.

Position As Courtier

Proves Rather Difficult.

Soon after the honeymoon the young husband realized in his position as courtier in the Kingdom of Beauty was growing rather difficult.

He was obliged to go to his office at 9 o'clock in the morning, but the frequent intervals between the departure of one maid and the arrival of another made a similar frequency of a breakfast at the club or restaurant, and for his part, he was not so much at home as he had been.

Knowing that he had taken his "lovey dovey" from a home where she always breakfasted in her devoted husband felt it his duty to make life as pleasant as possible for her; yet the position of a father and maid coming to the house, he was often requested to "be a darling and bring his own lovey dovey a glass of milk and a bit of fruit."

Between the basement kitchen and the sleeping room of the young couple two flights of stairs intervened, and it seemed almost to occur to the mistress of the household that it was a hardship for any one save herself to go up and down these stairs a dozen times in a day.

But everybody had not lived under the same roof with her.

THE TIMES INQUIRY COLUMN

Answers to Questions

Asked by Readers

To Remove Ink Stains.

A. C.—To remove the ink stains from colored cotton goods saturate the spot with spirits of turpentine and let it remain for several hours; then rub between the hands and you will find the spot will disappear and leave your garment unharmed, either in texture or color.

Removing Rust From Chambray.

L. E. E.—I know of a case where rust was successfully removed from a pink chambray by using lemon juice and salt, but whether or not the process would be successful with your tan linen I am unable to say. I would advise your taking a small piece of the material and trying how this method will work. Take a glass, draw the goods tightly over it, and wet the spot well with fresh milk, permitting the liquid to run through. Then rub into it the juice of a lemon into which has been dissolved a quantity of salt. Rinse thoroughly and go through the process repeatedly until the stain is removed. If you material will stand the sun, exposure to the hot sun will assist in removing the stains.

Inquire At Theater.

X. Y. Z.—I have no personal knowledge of the matter, and suggest that you inquire of the management of the Columbia Theater.

Salt Bath for Rose Bushes.

Mr. S. A. R.—Make a saturated solution of salt water and pour around your rose bushes. It is entirely probable that one bath of this sort will remedy the trouble. However, after observing for a day or two to see if the plant rallies, try the second salt bath. I have consulted with some of the local florists, and he tells me this is the only remedy he knows for the trouble.

May Refer to Files.

Heaven S.—I will be glad to let you look over my files if you will call at my office, 1225 F street, building. I have been unable to find the special item you mention.

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The instrument is small, and can be used without inconvenience anywhere, and at any time, quickly relieving acute cases.

Oxydonor was successfully introduced in Washington sixteen years ago, and hundreds are now in use. We find it necessary (after many requests) to open permanent local offices for the sale of the instrument, and where advice can be obtained for the proper use of same in complicated cases.

Physicians' Endorsement After Seventeen Years' Experience With Oxydonor.

Dr. H. Sanche: "During the past eleven years I have continued to use Oxydonor extensively in my practice. There is not one remedy in either school of medicine that can equal it in relieving consumption. Neither can the strength and vigor produced by its proper use be obtained by medicine."

Having used Oxydonor seventeen years, I realize that it is the most wonderful curative power we have. The two cases of tuberculosis I wrote to you about—ten years ago—both patients continue in perfect health. At the time these cures were made, tuberculosis in advanced stages (as both cases) was classed as incurable.

Knowing that I have given Oxydonor sufficient test, both before and since graduating in medicine, I feel justified in writing to you so frankly, and where my patients follow advice given they have never failed to appreciate its wonderful effects.

The three other cases of tuberculosis under treatment at the time I wrote you have entirely recovered, and continue to go on well. Also the two mentioned above. Very truly,

LOUISE NORTON LEMMAN, M. D., 1225 F street, N. W., D. C.

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The Ticklemouse
—and his Sleepyland Adventures
By Roy Rutherford Bailey with Davy and Dorfy

Copyright, 1910, by Roy Rutherford Bailey.

The Ticklewedding

"LET'S wait here till the other guests go in," said the Ticklemouse to Willy and the twins.

Into the underground palace of Mr. and Mrs. Sharp Tooth—the richest of all the ticklemice—poured a steady stream of wedding guests, disappearing quickly under the awning. The four friends drew back into the shadows and waited.

"I don't believe," said the Mouse, scratching his head and looking doubtful, "it's any use trying to smuggle Davy and Dorfy in, after all."

"Unless," said Willy, seeing how disappointed the twins looked, "we change them into mice again. Would you dare risk it, chills, after the escape I got you into before?"

"Yes, oh, yes!" whispered the children. "We've never seen a ticklewedding—we'll be ever so careful to do just as you say. Please dwindle us again!" And so it happened that a few minutes later the four—all ticklemice now—marched into the flower-scented home of the bride, Sally Tooth.

"Lovely decorations, aren't they?" said the Ticklemouse to the Davymouse.

"Kind of queer, I should call them—what are they?"

"Catnip blossoms—very rare this time of year. Ah, good evening, Mrs. Tooth—how charming you are looking!" The Mouse bowed low before the bride's mother and the rest did the same.

"Thank you, Ticklemouse. What sweet little children! Twins? Ah, yes, I see they are. Our flower girl has disappointed—can't you lend us these children to scatter catnip garlands before the bride?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Tooth!" The Mouse



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